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NOV. 1951

NO. 4

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# JOURNEY

*into*

# FEAR



*Invisible*  
**TERROR**  
**GHOST**  
*Bride*  
**HAUNTED**  
**HARBOR**  
**FREAKS'**  
*Revenge*





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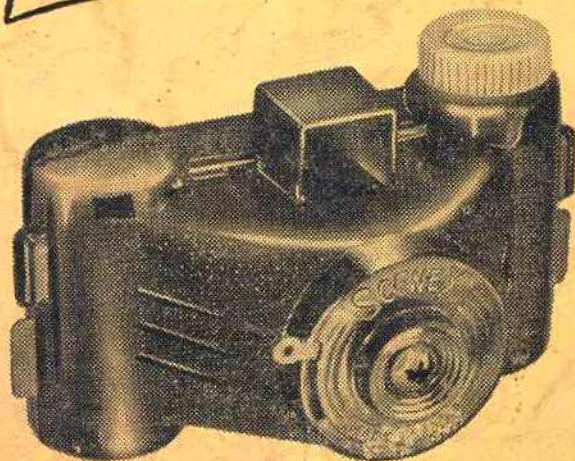


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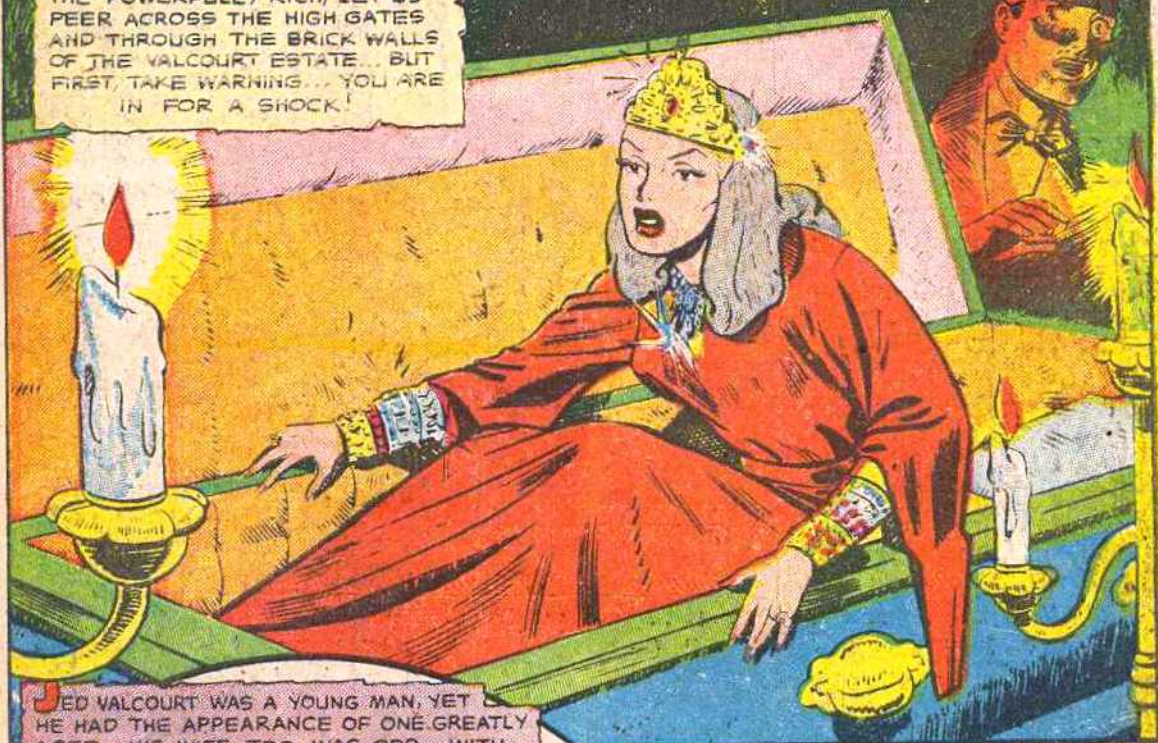
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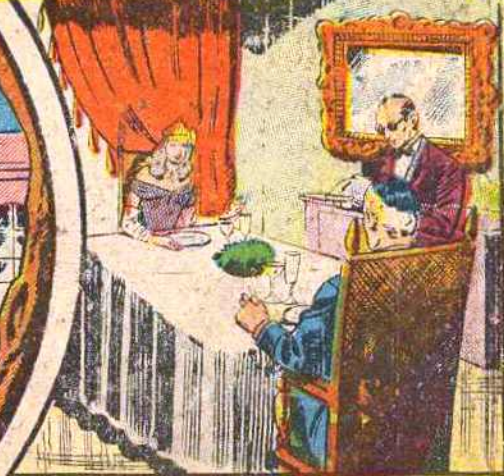
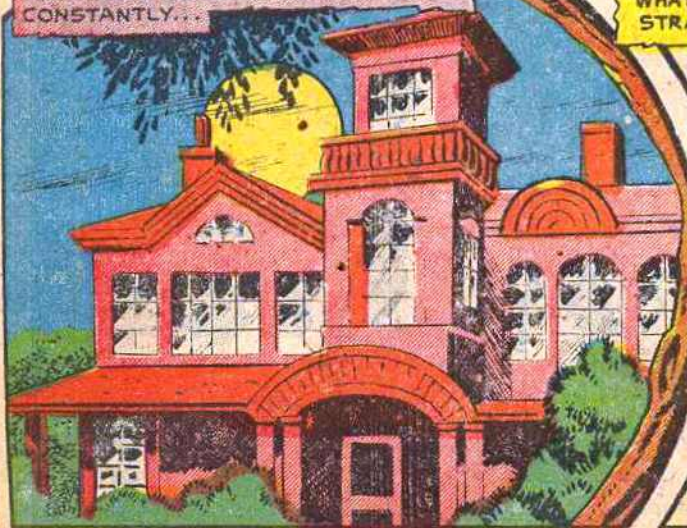
# GHOST Bride!

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE OFTEN WONDERED WHAT LIFE IS LIKE IN THE GRAND MANSIONS OF THE POWERFULLY RICH, LET US PEER ACROSS THE HIGH GATES AND THROUGH THE BRICK WALLS OF THE VALCOURT ESTATE... BUT FIRST, TAKE WARNING... YOU ARE IN FOR A SHOCK!



ED VALCOURT WAS A YOUNG MAN, YET HE HAD THE APPEARANCE OF ONE GREATLY AGED... HIS WIFE, TOO, WAS ODD... WITH HER WAN FACE, HER FABULOUS JEWELS AND LONG GLOVES THAT SHE WORE CONSTANTLY...

...AND THE LONE BLIND SERVANT... WHAT WAS THE STORY BEHIND *THIS* STRANGE HOUSEHOLD?





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

LET US  
TURN BACK  
TIME TO THE  
DAY THE  
PLEASANT-  
FACED FAMILY  
DOCTOR SAT  
AND QUIETLY  
EXPLAINED  
THE FACTS OF  
MRS. VALCOURT'S  
COMPLICATED  
NERVOUS  
CONDITION, TO  
THE RELIEF  
OF HIS  
LISTENERS...



WITH QUIET YOU HAVE  
NOTHING TO FEAR, JUNE!  
BUT AVOID ANY UNDUE  
EXCITEMENT OR  
UNPLEASANT SHOCK!

UNPLEASANT  
THINGS NEVER  
HAPPEN IN MY  
LIFE, DOCTOR!

... HERE'S A  
BRIBE, DARLING!  
A BRIBE FOR  
YOU TO STAY  
AS WELL AS  
YOU ARE  
TODAY!

OH, JED! IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL!



BUT, DARLING, YOU  
SPOIL ME! YOU MUST  
STOP BRINGING ME  
JEWELS... I CAN'T  
RESIST WEARING  
ALL OF THEM!

TO SEE YOU  
HAPPY IS  
WORTH ANY-  
THING...



YOU KNOW I'M  
HAPPY, DEAR...  
BLISSFULLY...

THAT'S ALL  
I LIVE FOR...



OH, LOOK, EDWARD!  
ANOTHER NEW BRACELET!  
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

MAGNIFICENT,  
MRS. VALCOURT!  
AND YOU ADD TO  
ITS LOVELINESS,  
IF I MAY SAY SO...

I CAN'T  
IMAGINE WHAT  
LIFE WAS LIKE  
BEFORE YOU,  
JED...

THEN YOU  
HAVE A SHORT  
MEMORY, MY  
DEAR... WE'VE  
ONLY BEEN  
MARRIED A  
YEAR!





SO YOU SEE, DEAR READER, LIFE IN A MANSION CAN BE A WONDERFUL DREAM, AS IT WAS WITH THE YOUNG VALCOURTS... UNTIL ONE EVENING...



HMM... SHE'S A LITTLE TARDY FOR DINNER TONIGHT... BUT IT COMPLIMENTS ME THAT SHE TAKES SUCH PAINS IN DRESSING...



WHY, EDWARD! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE GHASTLY!

MRS. VALCOURT, SIR! SHE'S FAINTED!



GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT'S HAPPENED? JUNE... JUNE, DARLING! CALL THE DOCTOR, EDWARD! QUICKLY!

YES, SIR! IMMEDIATELY, SIR...



NO... NO, IT CAN'T BE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! JUNE...

WHAT IS IT, MR. VALCOURT?



I MUSTN'T THINK OF SUCH A THING... BUT SHE... SHE ISN'T BREATHING! EDWARD... THE DOCTOR! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, THE DOCTOR!

THERE ISN'T ANY EXPLANATION, DOCTOR! WE JUST FOUND HER... LIKE THIS!

YOU MUST PUT HER DOWN, JED! IT'S DREADFUL, I KNOW... BUT SHE IS DEAD!









YOUNG  
JED'S FACE  
AGED  
AND HIS  
HAIR  
SILVERED  
AT THE  
TEMPLES...  
FOR DAYS,  
ONLY ONE  
THING  
ABSORBED  
HIS TIME...  
THE PORTRAIT  
OF HIS LOST  
LOVE...



THANK GOODNESS  
YOU DO NOT FEEL  
THE STORM TONIGHT,  
MY DARLING... THEY  
USED TO FRIGHTEN  
YOU SO...

SOMEONE KNOCKING... EDWARD...  
OH, I FORGOT... HE'S AT THE BACK  
OF THE HOUSE... WELL, I'LL ATTEND  
TO IT MYSELF!



JUNE! MERCIFUL  
HEAVENS, WHAT  
SORT OF MADNESS  
AM I VICTIM OF?



IT IS I, JED,  
DARLING... I AM  
NOT DEAD... BUT  
I AM COLD... VERY  
COLD...



YOU FAINT!  
NO... YOU MUSTN'T  
BE FRIGHTENED!  
LOOK AT ME, JED!



I'VE GONE  
MAD... STARK  
RAVING MAD...

YOU SEE, DARLING...  
I'M NOT DEAD! TOUCH  
ME... FEEL ME TOUCH  
YOU...



PLEASE LET THIS BE  
REAL! YOU MUST BE  
WITH ME... YOU'RE  
COLD... AND WET! I  
MUST GET YOU SOME  
BRANDY!

I'M WEARY, JED...  
BUT OH, SO  
HAPPY TO BE  
WITH YOU  
AGAIN...

DRINK THIS,  
DARLING... THEN  
LATER, WHEN  
YOU'RE STRONGER,  
PERHAPS YOU CAN  
TALK...





JED WAITED... TREMBLING... SURELY THIS WHITE-FACED GIRL WAS HIS WIFE. BUT WAS SHE TRULY ALIVE? SHE HAD CHANGED. HE WAITED FOR HER TO SPEAK... AND AT LONG LAST SHE BEGAN TO EXPLAIN...

EDWARD.. HE CAME TO MY ROOM WHILE I WAS DRESSING FOR DINNER... HE THREATENED ME WITH A KNIFE... I—I FELL TO THE FLOOR IN A TRANCE.



... HE WANTED THOSE JEWELS, DARLING... HE ROBBED THE VAULT... TO GET MY RINGS HE SEVERED MY FINGER... THE FLOW OF BLOOD MUST HAVE REVIVED ME

CAN THIS BE TRUE? Y—YOUR FINGER! IT'S GONE!



YOU HEARD VOICES, EH, EDWARD? WELL, LOOK, AND SEE WHOSE VOICE YOU HEARD!

MRS. VALCOURT! N—NO! IT CAN'T BE!



WHERE ARE MY JEWELS YOU TOOK, EDWARD?

NO, NO, I... UGHHH...



THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM... DON'T LOOK, DARLING... HE'S DEAD!

HIS GUILT KILLED HIM, JED...

TO MY RETURN, JED... AND TO MY LOVE FOR YOU THAT NEVER CAN DIE...

TO YOU... MY DARLING... NOTHING OR ANYONE WILL EVER HARM YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!



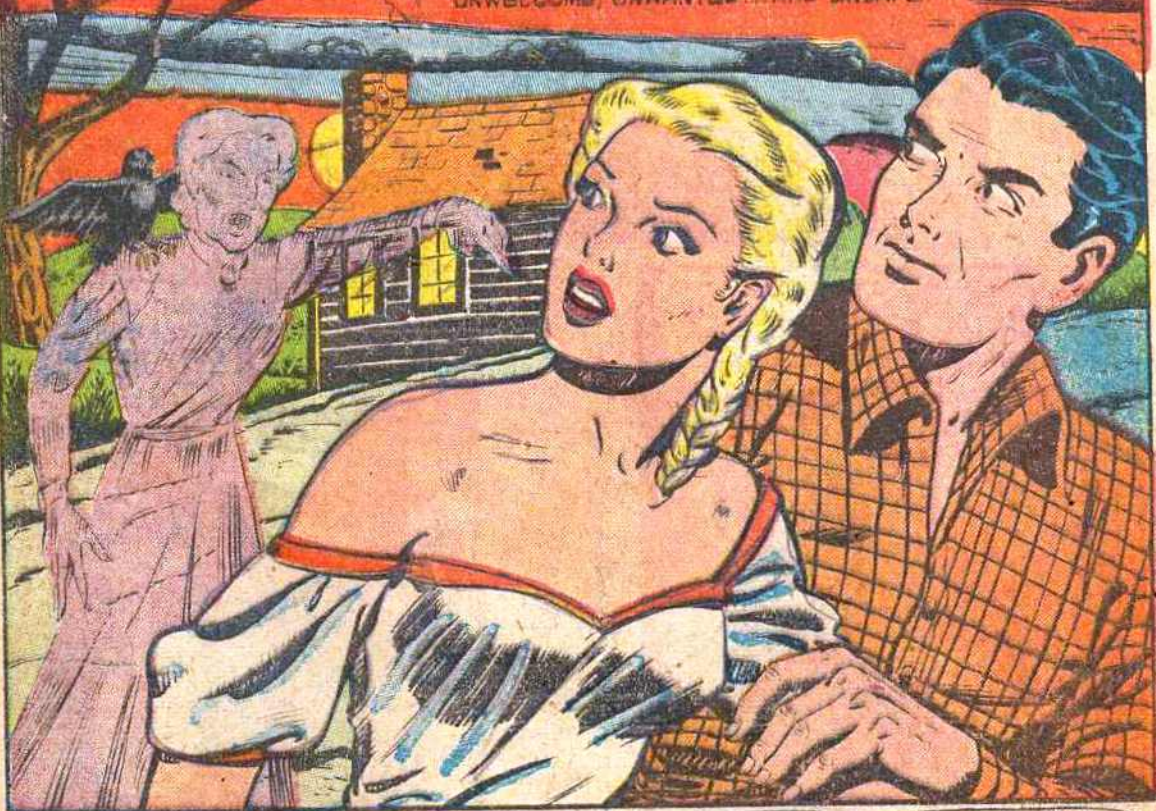
TRUE TO HIS WORD, JED VALCOURT, WENT SO FAR AS TO HIRE A LONE BLIND SERVANT THAT NOTHING OR ANYONE WOULD EVER MAR THE HAPPINESS WITHIN THE STRANGE HOUSE AGAIN.

The End



# INVISIBLE TERROR

BETSY WARD MOVED INTO ANOTHER WOMAN'S HOUSE, BUT SHE WAS NEVER PERMITTED TO FORGET SHE WAS UNWELCOME, UNWANTED... AND UNSAFE!



AUNT TESS, I KNOW YOU'RE MY KIN AND I RESPECT YOU, BUT I LOVE BETSY WARD AND I **AIM** MARRYING HER, NO MATTER WHAT!

FIFTY YEARS AGO I FOUND OUT HER GRANDPAPPY WAS A NO ACCOUNT, AND BLOOD CARRIES ITS STAIN! THAT GIRL WILL BRING YE GRIEF, BERT!

WED UP WITH THAT ONE AND A CURSE WILL HANG OVER THIS CABIN!

THAT'S OLD FOLKS' TALK, AUNTY! BESIDES WE'VE SET OUR WEDDING DATE AND THAT'S THAT!





**AUNT TESS**  
BURNING  
HATE FOR  
THE WARD  
CLAN HAD  
NO EFFECT  
ON YOUNG  
BART, AND  
FINALLY  
ONE MORNING  
HE BROUGHT  
HOME HIS  
YOUNG  
BRIDE...



OVER YOU GO, DARLIN'!  
THIS IS YOUR NEW  
HOME AND THERE IS  
YOUR AUNT TESS...

I... I NOTICED YOU  
DIDN'T COME TO THE  
PREACHERS, AUNT  
TESS... BUT MAYBE  
YOU'D LIKE MY  
BOUQUET...

DON'T TOUCH ME  
WITH THEM POSIES!  
AND I AIN'T YOUR KIN  
NOW NO MORE'N I  
EVER WAS!



I... I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO BE  
OUTSPOKEN! I  
JUST THOUGHT...

IT'S BEGUN! I CAN  
FEEL THE CURSE  
SLIPPIN' OVER THIS  
CABIN ALREADY!

**A BITTER**  
HEART CAN  
CAUSE A  
SICK BODY,  
AND IT  
WASN'T LONG  
BEFORE  
OLD TESS  
SMITH TOOK  
TO HER  
BED IN  
SILENCE...



BUT YOU MUST  
EAT SOMETIME  
MISS SMITH...

GET OUT! BERT  
WILL FEED ME  
WHEN HE COMES  
IN OUT OF THE  
FIELDS!

WON'T YOU PLEASE  
MAKE FRIENDS WITH  
ME, MISS SMITH...  
FOR BERT'S SAKE!

NEVER! YOU'RE  
A CURSED ONE  
AND I'LL HAVE  
NO PART OF  
YOU!



WHAT SHALL I DO? ALL THAT TALK  
ABOUT CURSES AND HER NOT SPEAK-  
ING TO ME WHILE LIVING UNDER  
THE SAME ROOF!





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THAT NIGHT WHEN BERT RETURNED HOME, HE FOUND BETSY IN TEARS... GRIM DETERMINATION CROSSED HIS FACE AS HE WENT TO THE CLOSED DOOR...





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR



THE MOST PRIZED POSSESSION ANY BRIDE HAS IS HER WEDDING RING... BUT ONE DAY BETSY NOTICED HER'S WAS MISSING!

I KNOW I TOOK IT OFF WHEN I WAS WASHING, LIKE I ALWAYS DO... BUT I PUT IT IN THE USUAL PLACE... I REMEMBER DOING IT...

BETSY GAVE HERSELF AWAY BECAUSE SHE TRIED SO HARD TO HIDE HER RINGLESS HAND...

IT JEST DISAPPEARED, BERT!



DON'T BE FEARED TO ADMIT YOU LOST IT BETSY! WE'LL LOOK FOR IT TOGETHER...

I DID! I LOOKED **EVERYPLACE!** I TELL YOU IT JEST DISAPPEARED!

**B**ERT'S DAILY CHORES MADE HIM A HEAVY SLEEPER, BUT BETSY, UPSET ABOUT HER RING, STARED INTO THE MOON-STREAKED DARKNESS... AND SUDDENLY SHE HEARD A GHASTLY FAMILIAR SOUND...

MISS SMITH'S ROCKER! IT... IT'S MOVING! OH, NO... I MUST BE DREAMING!



IT IS! SHE'S BACK! SHE'S COME BACK... WITH ALL HER HATE FOR ME, SHE'S BACK!

I TELL YOU A NIGHT BREEZE MOVED THE FOOL THING... NOW GO TO SLEEP.

BUT THERE IS NO BREEZE, BERT! IF YOU'D ONLY WAKE UP, YOU'D SEE!





IF BERT HAD ANY THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS WIFE'S HIGH-STRUNG CONDUCT, THEY ALL LEFT HIM WHEN HE LEARNED THAT HE WAS TO BECOME A FATHER... AND ON THE IMPORTANT NIGHT...



BERT... OH, IF HE'D ONLY HURRY BACK WITH THE DOCTOR...

THAT VOICE CALLING OUT! IT'S MISS SMITH! SHE'S CURSING ME AGAIN! HELP! HELP!

FORGET THAT NOW, DARLIN'... WE'VE GOT A DAUGHTER!



SHE'S SLEEPING, DOCTOR...

NO, SON... SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS... I'D BETTER WORK FAST...



MISS SMITH CAME... SHE CURSED ME... HER VOICE FILLED THE ROOM...



BUT BERT SMITH SAT THINKING, LONG AFTER THE DOCTOR LEFT AND HIS WIFE SLEPT...

COULD IT BE THAT BETSY'S MIND IS OFF? ALL THIS TALK ABOUT AUNT TESS AND CURSES...



T-THE CRADLE! ROCKIN'! IT'S TRUE... THERE IS A CURSE! THANK GOODNESS BETSY AIN'T SEEN' THIS...



PEAKING  
OF LEAVING  
HIS WIFE AND  
CHILD ALONE  
AND NOT  
DARING TO  
ADMIT HE,  
TOO, KNEW  
OF THE CURSE,  
BERT HIRED  
A DISTANT  
HILL WOMAN  
TO WATCH  
OVER HIS  
FAMILY  
WHILE HE  
WORKED...

SHE'S A PRETTY  
ONE, MRS. SMITH!  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
WARDS!

DON'T SAY THAT,  
MILDRED! SHE'S  
THE IMAGE OF  
BERT!

BERT'S GOT  
TO GO TO  
TOWN TODAY.  
HE'LL BE  
LATE!

THAT STORM  
COMING UP  
GIVES ME  
THE CREEPS!



YOU MUST BE  
NERVOUS, MILDRED!  
IT'S ONLY A WIND-  
STORM...

FEELS LIKE AN  
UNNATURAL KIND  
OF BLOW TO ME!



SEE! I TOLD YOU!  
BLEW THE LATCH  
OPEN! AND THE  
LAMP'S RUINED!

STOP CHATTERING!  
HERE... I'LL CLOSE  
THE DOOR...



W-WHAT'S  
THAT?

YOU SEE IT AS WELL  
AS I... THAT'S A  
GHOST, MRS. SMITH!  
AND I KNOW WHOSE  
GHOST IT IS!



THERE! IT  
WAS NOTHING!  
YOU SEE!

I SAW! AND  
I SAW A HAUNT,  
THAT'S WHAT!





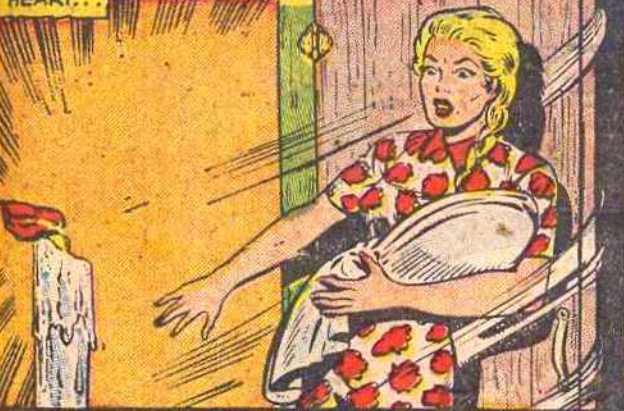
# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

CLUTCHING HER BABY TO HER IN THE FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT, BETSY FELT WAVES OF TERROR SWIM OVER HER POUNDING HEART...

D—DON'T GO, MILDRED! I TELL YOU IT WAS NOTHING!

BERT WILL BE HOME ANY MINUTE! HOLD THE BABY AND I'LL MAKE SOME TEA...

I'M FEARED TO... I'M TREMBLING TOO MUCH...



BERT! OH, I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GIT HERE!

WHAT'S WRONG? STORM WORRY, YOU TWO?

I...I THINK IT WAS MORE THAN THE STORM, BERT!

NOW WHAT ARE YOU IMAGINING?



L—LOOK! ARE WE IMAGINING THAT? IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE THE LIGHT BLEW OUT!

AUNT TESS' SHAWL!





THE FOLLOWING DAY, BERT BID HIS WIFE AND BABY FAREWELL... FOR REASONS OF THEIR SAFETY, HE DECIDED TO FIGHT THE HAUNT ALONE...

WHY DON'T YOU COME, TOO, BERT? S— SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU HERE! HOW CAN YOU FIGHT A GHOST?

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, HONEY...

THANK GOODNESS THEY CAN GO TO MILDRED'S HOUSE... BUT BETSY IS RIGHT... HOW DOES A HUMAN FIGHT A GHOST? TIME ALONE WILL TELL...



MIDNIGHT... IF SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN, NOW IS THE TIME... WHAT'S THAT? AUNT TESS' VOICE!



DIABEL! HER TRAINED CROW! WHY, HE'S PICKING UP A SPARK FROM THE FIRE! I THINK I KNOW NOW HOW TO FIGHT A GHOST!



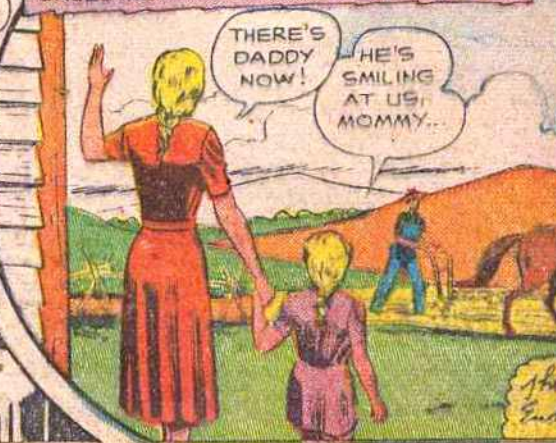
SHE TRAINED YOU, DIDN'T SHE? ALL THOSE WEEKS ALONE IN HER ROOM... SHE TAUGHT YOU A LOT OF TRICKS! EVEN HOW TO IMITATE HER VOICE! THIS TIME YOU WERE GOING TO BURN THE HOUSE DOWN... BUT I'M CHANGING AUNT TESS' PLANS... RIGHT NOW!

OLD MISS SMITH HAD CLEVERLY PLOTTED TO REACH OUT FROM HER MUTED GRAVE, BUT A POWER FAR GREATER THAN EVIL SHUT OFF THE BLACK DESIGN... MORE THAN THAT, A FEW YEARS LATER, HER CRUEL MEMORY HAD FADED FOREVER...



THERE'S DADDY NOW!

HE'S SMILING AT US, MOMMY...





# GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade

*Presented here are unusual experiences drawn from Dr. Shade's collection of supernatural events. Let us explore the unknown with him, the better to learn of unexplained forces that exist about us. This is YOUR Ghost Clinic. We invite you to share with us any accounts of similar happenings. Your stories will appear in coming issues of JOURNEY INTO FEAR, and will be illustrated by members of the Clinic's art staff. Everyone enjoys a ghost story . . . let us hear yours. Write to . . .*

DR. SHADE,  
GHOST CLINIC

2382 Dundas Street West  
Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada

## THE HAUNTED STAIRS

Grandfather Dobbs lived in the same house with his grandchildren but his advanced age pulled him further and further away from them. He was wont to spend most of his time in the attic, amid the dusty treasures that remained from former days. Such a pastime was harmless enough to begin with, but finally it became an obsession and the elderly gentleman resented any interruptions in his puttering. This eccentricity would have continued on indefinitely without outside notice except for one development. One or two of the attic stairs had succumbed to the destroying influences of time, thus presenting a most dangerous situation. Despite all warnings, Grandfather Dobbs persisted in his daily excursions until the inevitable happened. With a cry of fright and pain, the old man tumbled down the rickety steps. Death followed swiftly but before drawing his final breath, the protesting Mr. Dobbs heaped imprecations on the object that removed him from this world. Most vehemently indeed were the attic stairs cursed!

After the funeral of Grandfather Dobbs, carpenters were called in to do a belated repair job. It was at the time the broken stairs were being mended that the Dobbs family became aware of the power of the deceased old gentleman's curse. Right around midnight the first sounds were heard. They came in the form of footsteps. Faint at first, the noise grew progressively louder. Could it mean that Grandfather Dobbs had returned to the scene of his pleasure and disaster? Fearful glances were exchanged and cold chills experienced. Where were the haunting footsteps going? Why did they

pause so near the door, only to start again at the head of the staircase? How was it the sound was not heard returning up the stairs, but only coming down?

As with most mysteries, there was an answer. But it took the bravest member of the Dobbs family to find the solution. The discovery was made by one who preferred to face the unknown rather than be tortured by it. There was no doubt that it was all the work of Grandfather Dobbs. But not in his present state. It soon became clear that the old man, when alive, had had no intention of missing his meals while exploring the attic. But what was the cause of all the excitement? Apples stored in a burlap bag that rotted and fell apart at the seams! As each apple was released, it tumbled down the stairs until it came to the point where the carpenters were making the necessary repairs. There the red balls of fruit rolled off the steps and plunged through the opening left by the removal of the broken stairs—stairs which had not yet been replaced.

What happened to Grandfather Dobbs' curse? Why, it seems that he found himself too preoccupied renewing old friendships in the spirit land, for he never got around to putting it into practice!

\* \* \*

## FARMER'S OATH

This is the tale of a famous park. Almost everybody is aware of its existence. To reveal its name would serve only to revive its long-since forgotten memories and perhaps renew gossip and awesome whispers. Thus, in order to keep some timid persons from imagining that the park is still haunted and thereby unable to enjoy its beauty, we shall speak only of its strange history.

Once, the vast stretch of land was owned by a struggling farmer. It is recorded that all of his life's savings went into the purchase of the land he wanted as his own. Great was his labor; greater still were his sacrifices. But there finally came the day when he had amassed enough money to purchase the piece of earth he so long had desired. The great joy that filled the farmer's heart at making this acquisition was short-lived, however. Within a few months after he had attained his ambition, he was defrauded of it in a swindle that left him bewildered and sick of heart. Loss of his life's objective grieved him deeply. It affected his health. Declining rapidly, he was soon dead. But while on his deathbed, in the very last



moments he lived, the farmer uttered an oath. Its meaning was not entirely clear to those present. Part of his utterance seemed to refer to a tree which stood on the land which had been his for so brief a time. Later, though, those who knew of the farmer's last words had reason to ponder over them.

After the farmer's pathetic and futile struggles in attempting to be a land-owner ceased to be a matter of neighborhood discussion, there came an odd turn of affairs. The portion of ground which had been taken from him had a new owner, but the new owner could get nothing of value from it. It seemed that the land refused to be owned! Many methods were tried in the hope of restoring its fertility, but they proved in vain. A vine did grow, but after that there rose a tangled mess comparable only to jungle growth! No matter what was attempted, nothing could remedy the strange situation, and it wasn't until many years later, upon the death of the man who had swindled the farmer out of his land, that the ugly, useless, tangled weeds stopped growing. But stop they did—suddenly and completely! There being no heirs, and no will being left by the deceased, the land became the property of the city.

The remarkable thing about it all was that the land had never proved of value to the swindler of the farmer! But when it changed ownership again, it flourished and grew. Not with gnarled and twisted weeds and useless vegetation, but with tall and stately trees and long reeds of grass that formed a carpet of green for all to enjoy. Its beauty commanded the admiration of everyone. And in time, the land became the famous park it is today. Perhaps you know the entire story. If so, you know the name of this park.

### THE CLUTCHING KEYS

Some things are beyond understanding. They are, therefore, beyond explanation. A classic example of this would be the manner in which Paul Lubow met his death. Or should it be said, the assumed manner? In any event, Lubow did die and the circumstances surrounding his demise would seem to offer convincing evidence of existing forces that defy explanation.

Paul Lubow, theatre critic, was an acknowledged master of his craft. For evidence, one needs only to go to the reputation he established in his field; also, the long list of once widely-acclaimed actors and actresses he hurled into obscurity as the result of the adverse criticism he directed against them.

Love of his fellow-man was definitely not

one of Lubow's qualities. But it has been learned that Lubow once knew a love so great he could find no way of wresting it from his heart. The object of his mad devotion was the talented and beautiful Nora March, whose charms were familiar to theatregoers the world over. When Lubow finally gave expression to the affection he held for the fair lady, she firmly and coolly told him that she failed to share his views. From that moment on, Lubow became even more bitter than ever before. His love for Nora March turned to burning hate and the songstress became the target for every slur Lubow could invent. He attacked her without let-up in his widely-read column. Naturally, this was bound to have a serious effect—and it did. It worked on her nervous system, preventing her from appearing at her radiant best on the stage; it reduced her earning capacity, for her bookings dwindled. Nora eventually joined the ranks of skidding artists who had felt the poison of Lubow's deadly pen. For years, she remained in obscurity—no producer being willing to undertake a production that had to suffer as the result of Lubow's caustic comments. But finally, a theatre man decided to change it. He had just the vehicle which was warranted to re-establish Nora March as a stage star.

While Dame Fate attended Nora March in kindness and prepared her for opening night, the wheel of fortune also took a turn where Paul Lubow was concerned. He dropped completely out of sight. Nora March's performance was completely ignored by critic Lubow! In fact, he presented no play reviews of any sort to the syndicate that handled his daily column. He was not heard from by newspaper associates, nor even by intimate friends. All were mystified as to his whereabouts. The police were called in to help clear up the mystery of the missing critic. They labored without success until Lubow's valet returned from vacation. He led them to a secret room where the critic usually performed his work in absolute privacy. There they found what had been Paul Lubow—his sole earthly remains.

The corpse sat erect in a chair before a typewriter which held a neatly typed sheet of paper. Its message formed a bitter assault on Nora March. So full of vituperation was this letter, it was difficult to believe the words came from a sane person. But there was a still stranger element. Lubow's fingers were on the typewriter keys—yet one could hardly describe it so. For the keys seemed to have reached out and grasped Lubow's fingers—as if to stop him from completing his vile missive. The fingers were locked in a frenzied twist of steel! How can that be explained—a man killed by his typewriter!



# HAUNTED HARBOR

WHEN THE TIDES ROSE IN AND SHAFTS OF WHITE MOONLIGHT PLAYED UPON THE HARBOR, DEATH ROSE FROM THE SEA, BECKONING AND REACHING...

IT WAS ALMOST MIDNIGHT AND CYRUS MIRWARD, MORTICIAN OF THE VILLAGE OF STONEY CLIFF, DROVE HIS TEAM AT FULL SPEED ACROSS THE WINDING ROAD LEADING TO THE HILL-TOP.

YOU SAY HE WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, EH, DOC? WONDER WHAT IT WAS?

MAYBE JUST SAYING HE WAS HAPPY TO DEPART FROM THIS HAUNTED CLIFF, CYRUS! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO TOWN MYSELF!





GENUS HAD MANY MEETINGS WITH DEAD FOLKS, BUT HE NEVER DID OVERCOME HIS DREAD OF THE RIBBON OF ROAD THAT SKIRTED THE CLIFF ABOVE THE HAUNTED HARBOR...



WAL, MARK JOHNSON, I'D BE MORE COMFORTED IF YOU WAS RIDIN' IN THE SEAT ASIDE ME 'STEAD OF IN THAT BODY BASKET! I SWEAR, I HEAR A VOICE!



HELLO! COULD I BOTHER YOU FOR A LIFT TO TOWN?

BY GUN SMOKE, AT LEAST YOU'RE ALIVE! C'MON... AND HURRY!



WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THESE PARTS AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR, YOUNG FELLA?

I'M A TOURIST AND I WAS JUST DOING A LITTLE SIGHT-SEEING, BUT I LOST THE ROAD!

YOU'RE LUCKY THAT'S ALL THAT HAPPENED! THOSE WATERS BELOW ARE HAUNTED! MERMAIDS THERE WAITING TO GRAB AT YOU...

THAT SOUNDS RATHER THRILLING! SAY, YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE IT, DON'T YOU?



AS THE WAGON NEARED THE VILLAGE, A LANTERN HALTED THEM...

PEGGY! SAY, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE A LAND MERMAID!

OH, BILL, I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED! LAND MERMAID... WHATEVER ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

SO LONG, MR. MIRWARD! THANKS FOR THE LIFT!

THE VILLAGE UNDER-TAKER! OH, BILL, YOU DO MAKE THE STRANGEST FRIENDS! WHY, HE'S EVEN GOT A CASKET IN THAT WAGON...





**B**ILL WEST WAS AN ADVENTURER IN HIS HEART... EXCITEDLY HE RELATED TO HIS WIFE THE ACCOUNT OF THE HAUNTED HARBOR, AND AS SHE FEARED, THE NEXT MORNING HE INSISTED ON TAKING A SAIL THERE...



WHO EVER HEARD OF A HARBOR HAUNTED IN SHEER SUNSHINE?



BUT I'M GLAD I DID DECIDE TO COME ALONG, BILL. IT'S SUCH A PERFECT DAY!

AND THAT PICNIC IDEA OF YOURS WAS A HONEY! WE'LL GO ASHORE ON THAT LITTLE ISLE...



NOT A BREATH OF WIND! OH, DEAR...

DON'T WORRY, PEG, IT'LL BLOW UP BEFORE SUN-DOWN, AND WE CAN GET BACK...



THE SUN IS GOING DOWN SO FAST, BILL... IT'LL BE DARK BEFORE WE KNOW IT...

YEAH...AND STILL NO WIND! WE'LL BE STUCK HERE IF IT DOESN'T START UP SOON...



BILL, I'M SCARED! LOOK! OH, LOOK, BILL!

T-THE MERMAIDS! BY JOVE, THEY'RE REAL!

QUIVERING AND LIGHTED WITH A STRANGE HALO OF BLUE LIGHT, THE HALF-FISH MAIDENS WATCHED AND DANCED... THE TIDES LAPPED AGAINST THEM, BUT NOT ONCE DID THEY STOP THEIR SILENT BECKONING FOR THE YOUNG COUPLE TO JOIN THEM ON THE DEADLY ROCKS...







ONCE ASHORE PEG AND BILL HURRIED TO THE FRIENDLY LOCAL CONSTABLE AND RELATED THEIR HARROWING EXPERIENCE...



BILL WEST HAD ONE SUGGESTION... TO BOMB THE ROCKY CHANNEL PASS IN HOPES THAT IT WOULD DISLODGE THE MERMAIDS FOREVER... BUT BY THE TIME EXPLOSIVES WERE GATHERED, THE SUN WAS SETTING...



EVEN BEFORE MOONRISE THE WATERY MAIDENS APPEARED... WRITHING IN THE GHOSTLY GLOW, THEY SILENTLY GESTURED, SUMMONING THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CRAFT TO COME HITHER ONTO THE JAGGED ROCKS WHERE DEATH WOULD BE INSTANTANEOUS...



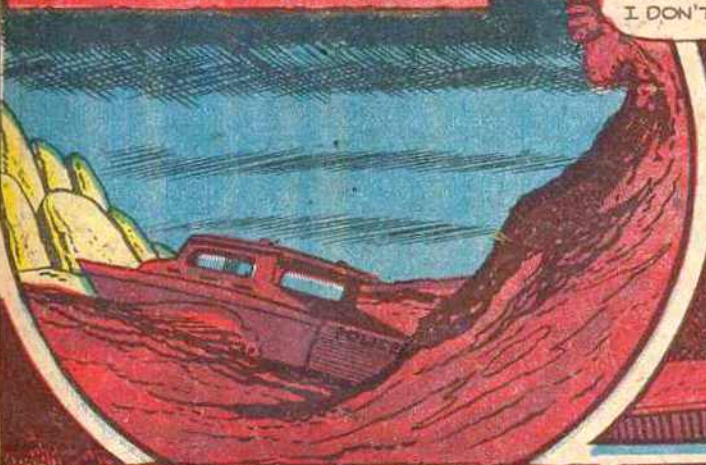


# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

NOT KNOWING WHETHER IT WAS A MYSTIC POWER OR THE PULL OF THE TIDE, THEY FELT THE BOAT DRAGGED THROUGH THE SWIRLING GREEN FOAM AND TOWARD THE GHOSTLY MAIDENS...

BILL, DO SOMETHING! YOU'RE A GOOD SAILOR! DO SOMETHING! SAVE US! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

PEG, DARLING! GET CONTROL OF YOURSELF! THE CONSTABLE IS DOING ALL HE CAN!



NEARER AND NEARER THE CREATURES THE CRAFT TRAVELED, AND THE TRIO WAITED IN HORROR FOR DOOM TO OVERTAKE THEM.

DON'T LOOK! PEG! CLOSE YOUR EYES!

I'LL TRY TO GET TO THAT DYNAMITE... BUT...



LOOK! SOMEONE'S COMING TO SAVE US! BUT THEY'LL BE KILLED, TOO!

HUSH! THEY'RE CALLING!



AHOY, THERE! HOLD ON! I'M COMING ABOARD YOU!

THE UNDERTAKER! WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE?

I'VE GOT FANTASTIC NEWS! BEEN SEARCHING EVERYWHERE FOR THE CONSTABLE!





CYRUS MIRWARD REACHED A SALT-SPRAYED HAND INTO HIS INSIDE COAT POCKET AND PULLED OUT A LEGAL PAPER... SHOUTING ABOVE THE ROAR OF WATER, HE ADDRESSED HIS AUDIENCE...

THE MERMAIDS! THEY'RE FAKE! SAYS SO HERE!

I KNEW THAT OLD HERMIT WOULD GO TO ANY EXTENT TO KEEP FOLKS OFF HIS PROPERTY OR HIS STRETCH OF BEACH, BUT I NEVER KNEW THE OLD COOT WAS AN ARTIST!

ARE YOU GOING TO BLAST THEM OUT OF THE WATER, CONSTABLE?

WELL, WHAT DO YOU FOLKS THINK?

WHY NOT JUST POST THE NEWS ABOUT THEM IN TOWN? THEN EVERYBODY'LL KNOW!

THE RETURN TO SHORE WAS ALMOST IN SILENCE... THE SUDDEN CLEARING UP OF THE MYSTERY OF THE GHOSTLY MERMAIDS LEFT LITTLE TO SAY...

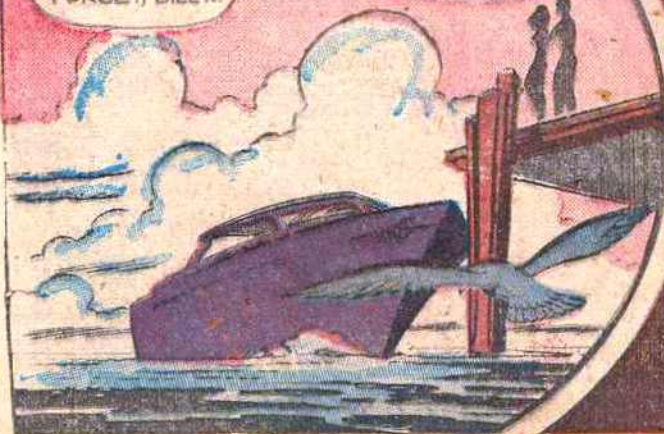
THIS IS ONE ADVENTURE WE'LL NEVER FORGET, BILL...

THE WHOLE VILLAGE WILL REMEMBER!

HASTILY CYRUS EXPLAINED THAT HIS LAST CLIENT, THE LATE MARK JOHNSON, HAD PAINTED THE MERMAIDS ON THE ROCKS WITH A PHOSPHORUS PAINT, CAUSING THEM TO ONLY APPEAR IN THE NIGHT...



YES, THE VILLAGE OF SEA CLIFF CHOSE NOT TO FORGET. THE MAIDENS REMAINED AND AS IF HAPPY WITH THE DECISION, THEY STRANGELY APPEARED TO HAVE STOPPED THEIR SINISTER BECKONING AND TAKEN TO GRACEFUL MOONLIGHT DANCING...





# FREAKS' REVENGE!

THESE CREATURES KNOWN AS FREAKS TRUSTED MONA AS A FRIEND UNTIL THEY DISCOVERED HER FOR WHAT SHE REALLY WAS. THEN THEY DEMANDED A GRUESOME PRICE FOR THEIR BETRAYAL!



MONA LARSON SOUGHT HER FORTUNE IN AN UNUSUAL MANNER. SHE WAS PROPRIETRESS OF A LODGING HOME FOR THE CREATURES WHOM THE CARNIVAL EMPLOYED AS FREAKS... TO MONA, SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT WAS COMPLETELY A MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION BUT LATER SHE HAD REASON TO THINK OTHERWISE.

THAT SPIDER-MAN IS BEGINNING TO GIVE ME THE CREEPS. I'M GOING TO JUNK THIS BUSINESS.

CHARLIE!  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I JUST WANTED TO LOOK AT YOU, MISS MONA...





FOR SOME TIME NOW MONA HAD EYED HER LEDGER WITH BUT ONE THOUGHT IN MIND... QUITTING HER BUSINESS... RUNNING OUT ON THE CREATURES SHE HAD FLEEDED ALL THESE MANY YEARS...

DINNER IS WAITING FOR YOU, MISS MONA!

BLAST YOU! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY QUARTERS? IF YOU SNEAK AROUND HERE ANY MORE, I SWEAR I'LL KILL YOU!

WHAT IS IT, CHARLIE? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!

WORSE! MONA'S CHECKING OUT ON US!

YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR US, CHARLIE, ALWAYS FOLLOWING HER AROUND SPYING!

THE TROUBLE HAS ALREADY STARTED! IF SHE DESERTS US, WE'RE RUINED!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER!

YOU LOOK UPSET TONIGHT, MISS MONA, IS ANYTHING WRONG?

OF COURSE NOT! WHAT ARE YOU ALL GAPING AT? C'MON, LET'S EAT!

BUT MONA WAS NO FOOL... SHE FELT SOMETHING WAS GOING ON THAT SHE COULD NOT PARTAKE IN... SOMETHING BROODING AND DANGEROUS...

AREN'T YOU HUNGRY TONIGHT, MISS MONA?

I'VE A HEADACHE. EXCUSE ME... I'M GOING TO RETIRE EARLY...

THEY'RE ON TO ME, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST NOW IF I EXPECT TO GET OUT AT ALL!



SOMEHOW MONA'S PLANS TO RUN OUT ON THE CREATURES BECAME A MATTER OF ESCAPE! THESE WERE NO ORDINARY FOLK... FOR YEARS THEY HAD DEFENDED ON HER TO MANAGE THEIR AFFAIRS, AND NOW THEY WEREN'T GOING TO LET HER ABANDON THEM SO EASILY.

IF THEY EVER KNEW HOW MUCH OF THEIR MONEY I'VE GOT PACKED, THEY'D PROBABLY KILL ME!

WE MUST WORK THE CURSE ON HER!

REPEAT THE WORDS TOGETHER! IT'S BEEN TEN YEARS SINCE WE USED OUR MAGIC!

SHE WOULD LEAVE US, KNOWING HOW MUCH WE NEED HER! SHE MUST BE PUNISHED!

THOUGH I AM ARMED LIKE A SPIDER, I LOVED HER LIKE A MAN! I WILL LEAD THE CURSE!

BLAST THEM! WHY DO THEY STAY OUT THERE MUTTERING AND CHANTING? ONCE THEY GO TO BED, I... MY HANDS!

IT IS WORKING...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME, YOU UGLY BEASTS? I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU... **FREAKS!**

THE WORD HURTS US NO MORE THAN IT WILL SOON HURT YOU, WOMAN!

MY HANDS! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME? **HELP! HELP!**



WITH A CRY THAT SOUNDED FAR FROM HUMAN, MONA RUSHED TO HER ROOM, AND HER VANITY MIRROR TOLD HER AN EERIE STORY...

CAN'T STRAIGHTEN MY SPINE! I CROUCH... LIKE A CAT! AND I LOOK LIKE A CAT!



I MUST DO SOMETHING TO STOP THIS! I WON'T PERMIT IT TO HAPPEN! IT'S GOT TO STOP! GOT TO!



EVEN AS A CAT YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL TO ME, MONA! CHARLIE LOVES YOU, MONA!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! YOU STARTED ALL THIS, DIDN'T YOU?



I ALWAYS DID HATE YOU THE MOST! CHANGE ME BACK! MAKE ME HUMAN AGAIN!

AWW...YOUR FANGS ARE LIKE KNIVES! CLAW ME, WILL YOU... GET BACK, OR I'LL BE TEMPTED TO HURT YOU!



YOU ARE ONE OF US NOW! YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE OUR GROUP! I WILL SEE TO THAT!

MY KEY! GIVE IT HERE, YOU FOOL! DO YOU REALIZE WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO?



BUT GONE WAS HER POWER... MONA OF YESTERDAY HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED... A HUMAN MIND WAS TRAPPED IN CAT FORM... HELPLESSLY SHE SANK TO THE FLOOR IN EXHAUSTION AND CURLED IN THE FASHION OF THE FELINE, SHE SLIPPED OFF INTO SLUMBER...





TIME LOST ITS MEANING, BUT WHEN MONA AWAKENED, VOICES SOUNDED ABOVE HER...

WONDERFUL SPECIMEN! WONDER HOW LONG MONA LARSON KEPT HER A SECRET?

NEVER MIND THAT, SHE'S AWAKE! AND SHE'LL CLAW US IF WE DON'T MOVE FAST!

THE SPIDER-MAN IS GOING TO COLLECT HER PAY! SHE'S HIS CHARGE! WAIT'LL WE ADD HER TO THE SHOW! THE PUBLIC WILL STORM OUR GATES!

DON'T PUT HER IN WITH THE REAL CATS! THEY'D ONLY KILL HER AND SPOIL EVERYTHING!

DON'T WORRY! SHE'LL GET SPECIAL TREATMENT! SHE'S A MONEY-MAKER!

THE CARNIVAL BOUGHT MONA AND THE CREATURES SHE HAD ATTEMPTED TO ROB AND DESERT, DELIVERED HER WRITHING AND SNARLING TO A CAGE...

FOR MOMENTS NAUGHT BUT TERROR FILLED HER HEART AND BRAIN AS SHE WATCHED THE LIVE CATS PADDING ABOUT THE ADJOINING CAGES...

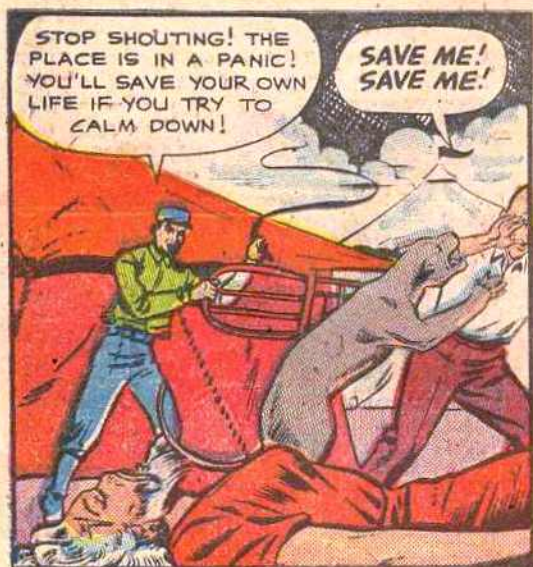
THEY'LL GET ME! THEY'LL KILL ME...

BUT THEN SHE REMEMBERED THE HORRIFYING FACT THAT SHE WAS ONE OF THEM... ALMOST ONE OF THEM...

THEY SENSE I'M HUMAN! BUT WITH THOSE BARS BETWEEN US, I'M STILL SAFE!

AND NOW I MUST THINK... I'LL GET OUT OF THIS... I MUST BE CALM AND FIGURE CAREFULLY...

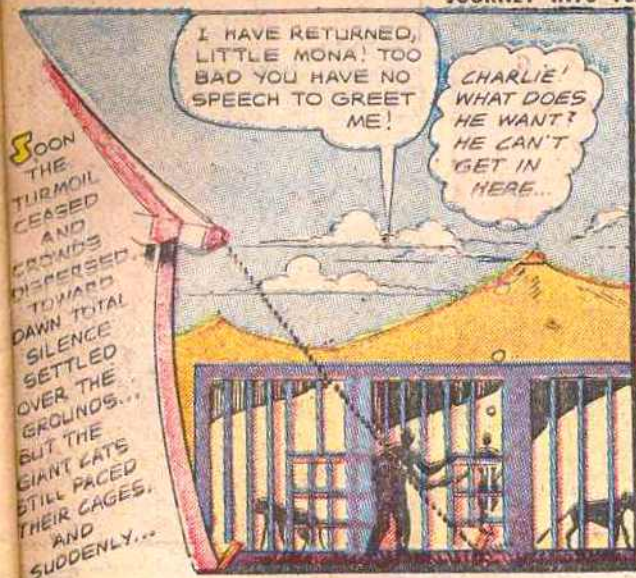




SCREAMS OF THE FEAR-CRAZED MOB MINGLED WITH THE SHRIEKING WOUNDED AND THE ROARS OF CATS WHO HAD TASTED BLOOD...









**F**ROZEN  
IN TERROR,  
MONA  
APPEARED  
MORE TO BE  
A CAT STATUE  
THAN A  
LIVING BEING  
IN THE SULTRY  
STREAKS OF  
DAWN... HOPE  
POUNDED  
WITHIN HER  
WHEN THE  
GRAVEL  
OUTSIDE  
CRACKLED  
UNDER  
APPROACHING  
FOOTSTEPS...

THE ATTENDANTS! IF ONLY I  
COULD CALL THEM! I'LL SHAKE  
THE BARS! THEY'VE GOT TO  
NOTICE ME! GOT TO...

THE FREAKS! THEY'VE  
COME TO WATCH...  
AND GLOAT... OH,  
YOU MONSTERS...  
IF I COULD  
GET AT YOU!

WE HAVE DECIDED TO  
FREE YOU FROM OUR CURSE, MONA  
LARSON... YOU WILL RETURN NOW  
TO YOUR OWN FORM...

**A**T FIRST  
MONA'S EYES  
LIT WITH GLOAT-  
ING HATE...  
ONCE HER FULL  
HUMAN POWER  
RETURNED,  
SHE WOULD  
MAKE THEM  
PAY DEARLY...  
BUT THEN SHE  
REMEMBERED...

NO! CHANGE ME  
BACK! HOW CAN  
I FIGHT CATS AS  
A WOMAN?

CHANGE ME BACK, OR GET ME  
OUT OF HERE! HAVE PITY!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW  
OF PITY? YOU STOLE  
FROM US, WERE  
ABOUT TO ABANDON  
US, AND EVEN TURNED  
CATS LOOSE TO  
KILL US!

OPEN THE  
CAGE AND  
I'LL PAY YOU  
BACK! ANYTHING...



MONA'S  
SHRILL VOICE HAD  
AN IRRITATING  
EFFECT ON THE  
KILLER CATS...  
SNARLING AND  
BARING FANGS,  
THEY MOVED  
FORWARD...

KEEP AWAY FROM  
ME! HELP! **HELP!**

IT IS NO MORE  
THAN WHAT SHE  
WISHED ON US!

IT IS HER FATE...  
A BITTER ONE...  
LET US GO!

GREAT SCOTT! HOW  
DID YOU GET IN THERE,  
MONA?

GET ME OUT!  
OPEN THE GATE!  
HURRY!

SAVE ME,  
YOU FOOLS!  
**HELP!**

TOO LATE... FUNNY  
HE WASN'T EVEN  
SCARED! JUST  
FIGHTING...

SHE WAS ALWAYS  
LIKE THAT...TREATED  
THOSE FREAKS  
WORSE THAN  
ANIMALS!

**A**ND SO ENDED THE FATE OF THE  
AMBITIOUS WOMAN WHO LIVED FOR  
HERSELF ALONE AND THOUGHT SHE  
COULD OUTWIT POWERS NO MAN WILL  
EVER REALLY UNDERSTAND...

The End

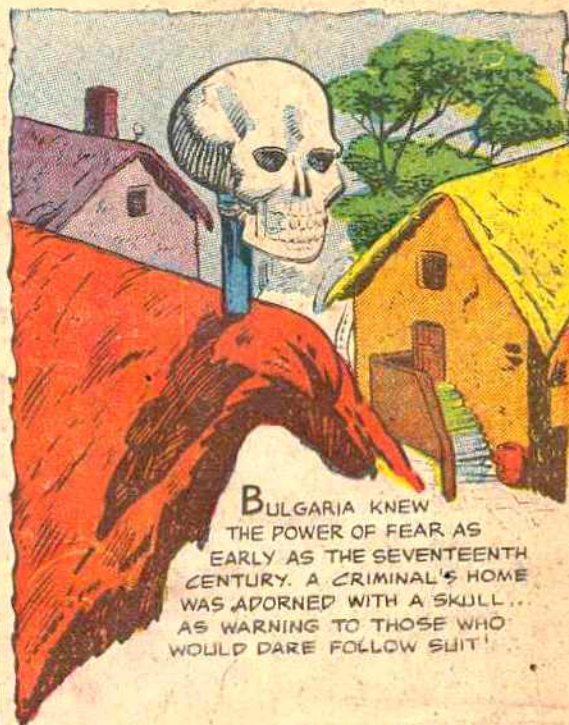


# TERROR'S TRAIL

**F**EAR IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER! IN CERTAIN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, NATIVES RARELY SLEEP WITHOUT A DAGGER. BENEATH THEIR PILLOW TO FRIGHTEN AWAY EVIL SPIRITS!



**B**ULGARIA KNEW THE POWER OF FEAR AS EARLY AS THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A CRIMINAL'S HOME WAS ADORNED WITH A SKULL... AS WARNING TO THOSE WHO WOULD DARE FOLLOW SUIT!



**A** POOR MAN HAD NO CASKET IN ENGLAND LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO! A COMMON CARRIER WITH A FALSE HINGED BOTTOM WAS USED TO CONVEY THE DEPARTED TO THEIR GRAVES!



**F**RENCHMEN WHO SUFFERED FROM TOOTHACHES DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY HAD TO RESORT TO A GRISLY TREATMENT! IT WAS BELIEVED A RUSTY NAIL TAKEN FROM A CASKET AT MIDNIGHT WOULD OFFER THE SUFFERER RELIEF!







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